

# WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

**TWO DOLLARS** will be paid for each item printed on this page. Checks are mailed daily. The weekly special awards, announced on Saturdays, are in addition to this payment. Open to all readers.

THE EVENING WORLD pays liberally in cash for FIRST news of really important happenings—FIRST news of BIG news. Call Beekman 4000. Ask for the CITY EDITOR of the Evening World. Every reader a reporter.

## MANHATTAN. SAILORMAN'S BRIDE.

I AM EMPLOYED as a money order clerk in Station G of the New York Post Office. To-day I was approached there by a young woman who wanted to cash a money order for \$100. When I asked her if she could identify herself as the payee, she said she had not known that this would be necessary. I expressed my regret, but explained that under the rules I could not pay over the money until she satisfied me that she was the person named in the order. . . . At first she was inclined to be noisy, fault-finding and somewhat abusive, and as a consequence a small crowd gathered to see how it was all going to come out. In the midst of her tantrums the young woman happened to think of something. Throwing off a fur wrap and rolling back a sleeve, she showed me the name tattooed upon her forearm. I handed over the money without further question.—Max Rosenberg, No. 1024 Boston Road, Bronx.



## ONE OF THE MARVELS OF OUR TIME.

It was my privilege to-day to visit and have explained to me the operation of a telephone exchange. I saw it on the eighth and ninth floors of No. 15 Day Street. Lights indicated a call. "Number, please," asked the operator. She carefully repeated the number, plugged in and registered the call by pressing a button which registers on individual numbering discs. One operator can take care of as many as 10,000 trunk lines, and the mass of interlocked and entwined cords are unrecognizable and appear to the inexperienced eye untangleable. Yet each serves its mission in the delectable and capable hands of the operators who handle them with lightning-like rapidity. On another part of the floor I saw numbers called for registered automatically by electric lighted figures and silent operators making the connection from seeing instead of feeling the numbers. On the floor below are numbering machines which register subscribers' calls. These are photographed every night, the billing department copying from a photographic record. And until to-day I had no idea of all the things used to serve me when the "voice with a smile" asked, "Number, please!"—P. L. Richards, No. 1361 Southern Boulevard, Bronx.

**ART CRITICS.**  
Sunday afternoon my sisters and I were examining the Rodin collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We had been standing for some time before the famous sculptor's statue of "The Old Courtesan" and admiring his technique when a couple strolled up behind us and I heard the woman say, "Oh, what a wreck!" Then they passed on. I wonder if Rodin would have had enough sense of humor to appreciate this.—Miss Vera A. Booth, No. 308 West 23d Street.

**THE CAPTAIN'S SHIRT.**  
In the High School of Commerce on Monday I saw members of our football team wearing pieces of red wool in their coat lapels. When our team defeated the Witt Clinton High Saturday the Captain of the Red team had to surrender his jersey to the Captain of our Blue eleven, and the jersey was torn up and the pieces were distributed among our team members. The bits of red wool on their coats symbolize our victory.—Jerome S. Kessler, No. 21 East 108th Street.

**ONCE AGAIN.**  
I noticed that Edward J. Conway had decided that 13 was his lucky number. But it appears to me he was rather late in arriving at that conclusion, for his name contains 13 letters.—Junior Tierney, No. 149 East 84th Street.

**"MY FIRST STICK-UP."**  
MY WORK ON THE RAILROAD takes me from New York to Worcester. At the Worcester end I put up at the Y. M. C. A., here in New York at No. 309 Park Avenue. To-night at 6.45 o'clock I was hurrying down Park Avenue to Grand Central Station to get my train when a man jumped out at me at 46th Street and, shoving a shiny gun into my ribs, said: "Stick 'em up, buddy!" The look of determination on his face and the thought that his finger might twitch too hard on that trigger prompted me to obey orders and lift my hands. I lifted them high too, hoping some passing motorist might see my plight and intervene. . . . The hold-up man quickly slipped my roll into his pocket and then grabbed my watch. . . . A railroad man, you know, cannot move without his watch, and seeing that leaving me helped me to find my tongue. "Where do YOU get that 'buddy' stuff?" I asked. "Why," he countered, "did YOU see service?" "Two years on the other side with the 11th Engineers," I replied. . . . He carefully split my roll, placed half of it back in one of my pockets, returned my watch and asked for my name and address. "All right, E. Company," he said. "I'll return this 'loan' the first minute I can. I was in Company . . . I recall the man's face now as a member of the company he named. It was too near my train time to stop and notify the police. Somehow I feel certain I shall get my money back. My first stick-up!—Charles R. Knight, No. 309 Park Avenue, Manhattan.



**EXPLAINING A FLUNK IN "ECONOMICS."**  
AN HOUR in the N. Y. U. Library to-day convinced me that some of the things Mr. See said about "co-eds" have an actual basis in fact.

There were about fifteen representatives of the fairer sex in the room. Were they studying?

Well—One comely young lady bedecked in fascinating blue was keeping a prospective lawyer from his "cases" by a steady flow of conversation.

Two sweet things near the north entrance had six future accountants hanging on to every word of their senseless jargon.

There were eight in this group, despite the fact that the table will accommodate only six.

Six other co-eds were looking rather half-heartedly at books on finance, economics, psychology, &c. Their principal occupation appeared to be an intense desire to stretch their shapely arms, chat or smile at some friend across the library.

## A PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED FOR READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD BY READERS

### New Program of Awards and Special Prizes

**\$100** FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE WEEK; \$50 for the Second in Merit. \$25 for the Third. TEN stories adjudged Next in Merit, \$5 each. This competition is open to all readers.

### Special Awards for High School Students

**\$100** will be divided weekly among high school pupils contributing to the "What Did You See To-Day?" page. For the best letter of each week sent in by a high school student, \$50; second best, \$25; five next in merit, \$5 each.

### Special Awards for University and College Students

**\$100** will be divided weekly among university and college students contributing to the page. For the best letter of the week, \$50; second best letter, \$25; five letters next in merit, \$5 each.

School and college contributors MUST name their schools. Wait for the worth while incident. Do not try to write every day. Bear in mind the question: "WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?" Not what somebody else saw, and not what you heard and not something that happened in last summer. What did YOU see to-day?

Contributors to the page should write of subjects with which they are familiar. Choose, preferably, things that happen in your own neighborhood. Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State WHERE the incident took place. Write your name in full. Write your address carefully. Address your letter to "What Did You See To-Day?" Evening World, P. O. Box No. 185, City Hall Station, New York.

## BRONX.

### SEEN FROM THE HALL OF FAME.

To your list of remarkable views let me add one I saw to-day from the Hall of Fame at New York University. Looking from the colonnade where the memories of great Americans are perpetually enshrined, I saw the Harlem River, winding around the north shores of Manhattan to meet the broader Hudson. The statue of the hero was easily perceptible in the distance, as were the woods of New Jersey, with an occasional church spire appearing above the trees.

Almost at my feet appeared some of the huddled apartment houses of upper Manhattan, with the long, thin line of the Broadway subway cutting its way from north to south. Occasionally I heard the screech of a train from a ship passing up the Hudson. All this amidst a quiet that can be found in but few places in New York.—Manuel Gelles, No. 1420 Prospect Avenue, Bronx.

## BABY CARRIAGE ON FIRE.

On 156th Street, near Westchester Avenue, where I was walking after midnight this morning, a woman rushed from an apartment house and almost knocked me over. "My God!" she exclaimed, "there's a baby carriage afire!" I saw something blazing in the hallway. I ran to the first alarm box on the corner and turned in the alarm. Meanwhile another chap joined me and we ran back to the house. Then, until the arrival of the Fire Department, we were kept busy quieting the excited tenants and passing two small children through a window. The firing of the baby carriage in the hall seemed the work of a pyromaniac, but, fortunately, little damage was done.—Clifford Anderson, No. 712 Union Avenue, Bronx.

## A VISIT TO BROAD STREET HOSPITAL.

During a visit yesterday to the Broad Street Hospital I saw the good that is accomplished by such public institutions. I saw the free clinic thronged with people of foreign birth, newcomers to our country, who have not found this new land of their adoption lacking in sympathy and aid during their moment of ailment and distress. Each was carefully attended to, given the best of treatment, and I could not help but hope that as they departed that their grateful hearts would be strengthened by their contacts with one of its institutions.—Arthur J. Connolly, No. 2055 Grand Concourse, Bronx.

## WIFE ASKS A QUESTION.

I was watching a sociable game last night in the home of a friend. In one hand the betting narrowed down to Mr. R. and Mr. W. The latter, who was standing behind her husband, suddenly leaned over and pointing to his hand, asked: "Which card is it, signify, dear, when you have four aces?" Mr. W.'s poker face changed to one of disgust, and with a snort he threw his cards down and walked from the room.—H. Mulbrown, No. 223 Barretto Street, Bronx.

## BUT IT'S A DANDY CAR.

I saw a man stop an automobile to-night and get out with his wife, walk into a delicatessen store on Westchester Avenue and ask for a beef sandwich. "What will you have?" he asked his wife, but before she could answer he said to the clerk: "Cut it in half." Then both sat down and ate the single sandwich.—Irene Mass, No. 1174 West Farms Road, Bronx.

## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

At the Watson tennis court on Sunday I sat beside another woman on a bench to watch a set of mixed doubles. One man missed a ball and sprawled on the ground. The players laughed. Attemping to hit the next ball he tripped, dropped a score of years along the sky and rolled over and took the net down with him. More laughter. His third attempt was good and evoked applause. But the fourth ball he struck so hard that he crashed down with a thud, and when he arose his racket was broken, his wrist was swollen and he limped. "ISN'T he clumsy?" I smiled to my neighbor on the bench. "Yes," she answered, trying to return my smile. "My husband is learning to play and my brother is teaching him."—Mrs. A. Nelson Annel, No. 3228 Boynton Avenue, Bronx.

## THE WAGON.

Sunday afternoon on Grand Concourse I saw a small white pony drawing a buggy with bright red wheels. The driver, a nice-looking man, was holding the reins with his right hand, while his left arm was half encircling a dear little old lady. Jogging along through the rush of automobiles, they had dropped a score of years along the sky and rolled over and took the net down with him. More laughter. His third attempt was good and evoked applause. But the fourth ball he struck so hard that he crashed down with a thud, and when he arose his racket was broken, his wrist was swollen and he limped. "ISN'T he clumsy?" I smiled to my neighbor on the bench. "Yes," she answered, trying to return my smile. "My husband is learning to play and my brother is teaching him."—Mrs. A. Nelson Annel, No. 3228 Boynton Avenue, Bronx.

## QUEENS.

### ONE BIG UNION.

AFTER PATIENTLY WAITING six weeks my coal arrived to-day in an up-to-date chute wagon. There is a convenient chute from the sidewalk to the cellar, and after giving the driver the necessary instructions I retired. . . . Not long afterward I was called to the door by Mr. Chauffeur, who showed me that while no more than half the coal had left the wagon the chute already was choked. He wanted to know who was going to shovel the coal away below there, in order that the remainder of his load might be dumped. . . . I told the gentleman there was no one at home except my daughter and myself and that she was sick in bed and required my constant attention. Well, he said the rules of his organization made it impossible for him to use a shovel. I walked all the way out to him from the door, placed my hand on the shovel and, remarking that in my union every one has to be a Jack of all trades, told him I would go down and put the coal away. He wanted to know what union I belong to, and I told him the Mothers' Union. That was the end of our debate. Pulling the shovel away from me, he disappeared into the cellar. I would not testify that he broke any rules, but pretty soon the blockade was lifted and we have our coal.—Agnes L. M. Hart, No. 167 Pearsall Street, Long Island City.



## FLUSHING TRIUMPHANT.

"Flushing Wins Queens County Gridiron Title." This is what I saw in the Flushing evening newspaper to-day, and I saw how proud it made the pupils of our school.—Marjorie Smart, First Street, Bayside, Queens.

## TWO BLOCKS WITH A TIRE GONE.

On the Astoria road detour to New York I was driving behind a Ford sedan when the rear right tire suddenly left the wheel and landed on the road side, out the Ford went on. We tooted our horn and finally overtook a middle-aged man of clerical appearance. Two ladies were with him. They had felt a bump, but thought they had run over a stone. We found the tire a block and a half back. It was tubelless and 200 feet further back was the tube. Both had holed the size of a cup in them, but the tube was otherwise intact. We were puzzled as to how it blew out of the tire, and how the passengers could travel two blocks without knowing something was wrong with a wheel.—Miss Gene Porter, Hollywood Tea Room, Bayside, Queens.

## RICHMOND.

### HORSE IN PASSENGER'S CABIN.

I say two small children enter the Staten Island Ferryhouse at South Ferry to-day with their mother and become attracted immediately by some toys on a stand. Their pleading resulted in mother's buying a toy horse and cart that would run when wound up. Then they boarded the boat, where the mother, declaring she would show the children how to ride, would show the children how to ride. Instantly it started down the aisle, pursued by the two children and the woman. Suddenly it turned and passed between the feet of a seated girl. It must have grazed her shoe, for she jumped up with a scream, gathered up her skirts and gazed fearfully about, while every one, including the two tiny children, roared with laughter.—Fred W. Krumpke, No. 302 Fluke Avenue, Staten Island.

### IN PNEUMONIA WEATHER.

Every morning shortly after 8 o'clock the corner of Richmond Avenue and Richmond Terrace, Port Richmond, I see a very healthy old man, apparently between 60 and 70 years of age. Always he is without a hat, with a coat over his arm, and his vest and shirt open exposing his chest. He does not seem to be cold, and does not appear to mind it. I stare at pedestrians. I have known him by sight for years, and always he is dressed this way.—William Kneer, No. 13 Cottage Place, Port Richmond, S. I.

### DRESSING THE WINDOW.

In reading the "What Did You See To-Day?" page I see that some of the paragraphs are printed in Italics. I wonder if they are set so because they are the best stories.—Mildred McCleghy, No. 11 West 107th Avenue, New Brighton, S. I.

### A GOOD IDEA.

The Curtis High School (Junior High) department headed "What Did You See To-Day?"—M. Wulfford, Curtis High School, New Brighton, S. I.

### HE LOOKS LIKE LINCOLN.

The other day on the Staten Island Ferryboat bound for New York I saw a passenger whose appearance was that of a New York paper to-day I saw the following: "Bookkeeper wanted, 30 to 35; do not apply unless experienced taking complete charge general ledger, financial statements, detail work, 235; state references." I answered as follows: "If you secure a man possessing the qualifications demanded, please advise that I may renounce my professional services as a public accountant and turn bookkeeper."—L. S. Mosher, No. 463 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

## BROOKLYN.

### POLITE, OR STUBBORN?

At the corner of Reobing and South Second Streets I saw an automobile come from each street and reach the corner at the same time. The drivers stopped simultaneously. One motioned to the other to proceed. The latter motioned to the first that he (the first driver) had right of way. The first driver promptly yielded his rights and again motioned to the other to proceed. For several moments this continued, and meanwhile dozens of cars were behind each of them. Neither moved until a policeman called to the rear started a bedlam of sound with their horns.—A. Maradan, No. 77 First Avenue, Long Island City, Queens.

### SURROUNDED BY SKELETONS.

A fellow student in optometry at Columbia and I went to a place on 23d Street to get dissecting implements for the class, which is supposed to dissect the bodies of cats at the end of the term. In the concern's natural science department we found ourselves surrounded by skulls, skeletons—a profusion of things that once were and the sight made me shudder, as I have a natural aversion for all dead things, but it was interesting. Once I jumped when my companion called my attention to a skeleton lying on a chair with his arm and leg bones on top of the body. I was just beginning to enjoy seeing the weird display when we were told our order was ready.—Dorothy Weisner, No. 4904 16th Avenue, Brooklyn.

### AND ARE MARRIED MEN BARRED?

In the window of a laundry at No. 119 Atlantic Avenue I saw a placard to-night reading: "Attention, Bachelors: We darn socks, mend shirts, sew buttons FREE."—Wesley P. Callender, No. 99 Hewes Street, Brooklyn.

### PURCHART GETS A PELL.

Near the Washington Statue at the Brooklyn entrance to Williamsburg Bridge I saw a purchart man stop, read to a crowd of people, and then the sticks they have for the purpose, then begin carefully inspecting approaching automobiles. Finally he stopped one, made the driver get out and examined his car. I stepped to the seat, lit a cigarette and said, "Let's go." Thus he got his heavy cart of the steep incline of the bridge. He was a "Chas. J. Rodgers, No. 83 North Fourth Street, Brooklyn.

### BATHING OUT OF SEASON.

In the Edison electric plant in which I work, First Avenue, between 51st and 42d Streets, I saw on Friday a small fire in a pile of wood in the rear of a smelter. Two men hooked the hose from 6 to 10 feet below the level of the smelter and separated therefrom by a fence. One of them carried the hose up a ladder and, seeing no one near the fire because of the fence, called to his partner to turn on the water. There chanced to be a twist in the hose and the water pressure jerked it from the man's hands, throwing him off the ladder. But not before those on the level had been treated to their Saturday bath a day ahead of time.—William Reaker Jr., No. 186 Mauger Avenue, Brooklyn.

### MEMBER OF THE POLICE GLEE CLUB?

A couple of twelve-year-old boys, each carrying a violin case, approached a policeman about 8 o'clock to-night as he waited for a car at Coney Island Avenue and Avenue N. "How about a little tune, boy?" the officer asked, and I saw the lads take out their fiddles, tune up and start playing the "Swanee River." The policeman joined in with the sweet tones, and every one within earshot was enjoying a musical treat when up clanged the trolley car.—Margaret Hurley, No. 1354 East 17th Street.

### NEIGHBORS IN BROOKLYN.

No neighbors in New York? No neighbors in New York? I was the neighbor of a lady who was very kind. Neighbor No. 1 needed more line to hang out her wash and spoke of it to Neighbor No. 2. The latter immediately loaned her some line. Neighbor No. 2 then went down three flights of stairs and hung out her wash in the yard.—Mrs. F. E. Esposito, No. 493 Clifton Avenue, Brooklyn.

### THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK.

In the classified want advertisements of a New York paper to-day I saw the following: "Bookkeeper wanted, 30 to 35; do not apply unless experienced taking complete charge general ledger, financial statements, detail work, 235; state references." I answered as follows: "If you secure a man possessing the qualifications demanded, please advise that I may renounce my professional services as a public accountant and turn bookkeeper."—L. S. Mosher, No. 463 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

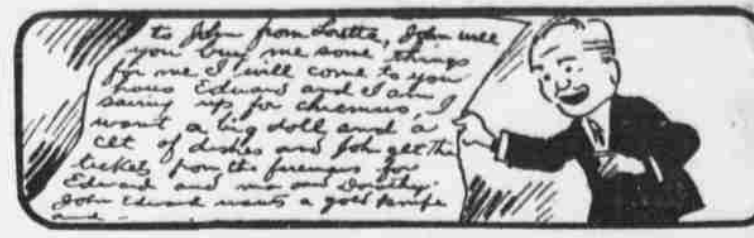
## OUT OF TOWN.

### LORETTA WRITES A LETTER.

I KNOW I DO NOT LOOK like Santa Claus, but to-day I was handed his job. In this morning's mail I received the plea my nephew and niece must have meant for him. It was written by my seven-year-old niece, who is in the second grade. They live in the country. Am inclosing original letter:

to John from Loretta, John will you buy me some things for me I will come to your house Edward and I are saving up for chums. I want a big doll and a set of dishes and John get the tickets form the firemans for Edward and me and Dorothy. John Edward wants a golden knife and a watch and I want a sleeping doll talking and walking doll good-by tell milly that I will be over her house.

I shall do what I can to give old Santa a boost. Please return the letter. I want to keep it always.—John Krzesicki, No. 133 Railroad Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.



## ONE GOLDEN DAY.

To-day my small son, who has been in school only a short time, came rushing into the house all smiles, with his hands behind his back. "Which hand?" he cried, and before I could answer he showed me his first book. We sat down on the lounge and he read me his first story.—Mrs. James Greer, Woodside Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## "WHO THERE? THAT FISH!"

At the Standard Oil plant at Bayway to-day I saw a fisherman repairing leaks in a large tank. Overhead I observed a fishhawk and suddenly I saw the hawk drop a fish directly over the tank. One of the men, I noticed, saw the incident, but the other, who was absorbed in his task, was hit on the side of the head by the fish and fell to the ground. Happily he was not shocked, but hurt and instantly he accused his companion of throwing the fish. It took a really long argument to convince him of the truth of the incident.—Charles McCauley, No. 373 South 18th Street, Newark, N. J.

## "AIN'T NO FRESH CITY FELLER GOING TO HURRY ME."

To-day while driving over a dirt road on the outskirts of the city, I came upon a cow with a small calf. The cow turned about and stared at me, apparently with no intention of moving. I stopped the car and after a few minutes the cow glanced back, saw that her calf had safely crossed the road, and then without even a moo she moved aside and permitted me to pass.—F. W. Mockridge, No. 60 Moger Avenue, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

## LEARNING FROM THE FARMER.

I HAD always believed that I lived in a quiet, residential section of Yonkers, but to-day while out walking along Wakefield Avenue with my little girl I heard the sound of a buzz saw. I could hardly believe my ears, for I was quite sure there was neither lumber yard nor furniture factory about. . . . Very soon I reached the spot from which the sounds were coming. Instead of a lumber yard I saw in the back yard of a residence a man cutting his winter wood in an improved fashion. . . . He had a Ford car with its rear wheel jacked up. The tire of this wheel had been removed from the rim and in the rim groove I saw a leather belt, the other end of which extended back a short distance to a wheel on a shaft. To this was attached a good-sized circular saw. The motor of the car was running and the saw was spinning as efficiently as if driven by steam power or electricity. . . . I am going to build myself a house in the country some day and if I am lucky enough to have a car I know I can save myself the cost of lumber and at the same time have plenty of logs for the open fireplace.—John A. Marshall, No. 85 Hyatt Avenue, Yonkers.

## DOGS' CEMETERY AT HARTSDALE.

I passed a cemetery where many people are buried and was struck by the appearance of the 111 kept graves, and then I came upon the cemetery for dogs at Hartsdale. It was kept beautifully with grass and flowers. Beautiful headstones were set over them. One read: "The Dog Who Made With a Soul!" another: "Laddie—Worshiped by"—There is a place in which Yonkers called him a dog, a monkey and two dogs. There is a monument for war dogs. Often one sees waves of fresh cut flowers on graves. Then, too, there is a bonspiel in the place, and inside are pictures of dogs laid out in stately columns.—Miss M. Alchale, No. 2429 Webster Avenue, Bronx.

## FROM TORONTO TO ROCHESTER.

We left Toronto at 7 A. M. this morning and reached Rochester at 5.30 P. M., and on our way we saw many beautiful and interesting sights. We saw the vast sea turn the blue-green waters of Lake Ontario to gold. We saw huge stacks of boards piled mountain high in the yards of the Beaver Board Company. Then we passed through the fruit, farming and vineyard country. All the farmers, their wives and children were busy picking and crates apples. All along the road we saw wagons loaded with them. There were mills which were crushing them and sucking them into cider and vinegar, and the two last, it seemed to us, should be cheap this winter.—S. F. Waldeck, No. 215 East 10th Street, Bronx.

## HOUSE DIVIDED.

This morning I saw my eleven-year-old daughter, reading an account of a letter she wrote congratulating Senator-elect Edward L. Edwards and wishing him everything splendid for his future. I, her mother, worked in the interest of the other candidate, and worked HARD. But I'm a good loser. Mrs. Victor M. Suppen, No. 13 Astor Pl., Jersey City, N. J.